Volume LXXXIII CHICAGO, April 10, 1919 Number 6

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

THE call is for a new chivalry. Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to make a peace that is worth keeping. This is no easy task. It means the humanizing of all our activities. Everywhere a human ideal must be placed above every other kind of success. Religion must be lifted above ecclesiasticism; and business honor above the vulgar standards of commercialism. The machinery of civilization must be made subservient to man.

—*S. M. Crothers.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 63

Democracy and the Press.—FRANCIS NEILSON.. 64

CONTRIBUTED—

Non-Resistance in Action.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 66

A Vision of Peace.—DAVID WALBRO..... 67

News from Europe.—FRANCIS NEILSON..... 68

POETRY—

Poem.—*Charlotte Murray* 63

Four Sonnets.—*Thomas S. Jones, Jr*..... 67

Song of the Elegant Lady.—*Annette Wynne*... 71

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—

The Religions of the Elder World. VIII. Babylon 69

THE FIELD—

"How the Soldier Saw the War"..... 71

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES ..... } Editors
FRANCIS NEILSON ..... }
EDITH LLOYD JONES ..... Assistant Editor

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals
Charles W. Casson
Francis A. Christie
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
Fred V. Hawley
Emil G. Hirsch
John Haynes Holmes
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
Newton Mann
George Grover Mills
Fred A. Moore
George W. Nasmyth
William M. Salter
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

The UNITY Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC

COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office:

28 E. Jackson Blvd.

CHICAGO

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WHEN BUYING BOOKS OF LIBERAL RELIGION

Do not forget Dr. J. T. Sunderland's

RISING JAPAN, $1.25
THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE, $1.20
OH, TO BE RICH AND YOUNG! $1.00
THE SPARK IN THE CLOD (Religion and Evolution) 80 Cents

ORDER from the UNITARIAN BOOK ROOM
25 Beacon Street BOSTON

Vol. 1. March 1, 1878. No. 1.

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

The above reproduction of the title page of the first number of the "Pamphlet Mission," afterwards UNITY, commemorates the names of the

FOUNDERS OF UNITY

FOR ANY MINISTER about to retire owing to failing health the purchase of an annuity forms an ideal testimonial.

For details apply

E. BASIL LUPTON
10 Humboldt St., Cambridge, Mass.
Agent for leading American and British Life Offices

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.

Phone Douglas 1003

653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1919 Number 6

Why do we call upon the mighty stars,
The golden sun, the colored boundless sky,
For help, or raise unhappy eyes in prayer
To what we cannot know, as though on high
Alone were majesty, and truth and good?
Our own world, too, is high in heaven hung,
The sky above, below it, and around,
And has a path in space beyond our thought;
Companion of those stars we deem divine,
And daughter of the golden king of day.
We deck our heav'n with images of earth,
And give to angel hosts a human form.
Our dearest dreams are built of tasted joys,
Our evils are our own—our own the power
To make them naught, and so to consummate
The beauty of the fairest world we know.

—*Charlotte Murray.*

The drama in New York is of interest to all people everywhere, for the plays which are produced on Broadway are the ones which are later offered to the country at large. The theatrical season, just now coming to its climax, has been one peculiarly disappointing and even degrading. Howling melodramas, mostly of the crudest war variety—bed-room farces, pitched on the stage for the entertainment of the vulgar and shameless—the usual run of mediocre and flashy musical comedies—have made up the bulk of the offerings. A few harmless and in some cases charming comedies, like Rachel Crother's "A Little Journey," have helped to redeem the record. Of serious plays, of genuine dramatic worth, we can name only Maeterlinck's "Betrothal," Tolstoi's "Redemption," Barrie's "Dear Brutus," Stuart Walker's productions of "Job" and the Lord Dunsany plays, and Walter Hampden in "Hamlet." This last event is enough to make the season notable. But we must still marvel at what the commercial managers are doing to the American theater. J. H. H.

But there is another possible signification in the history of the Paris Conference. It is the one suggested by the *New Republic*—that "the center of real authority in Europe has . . . already passed to the workingmen, peasants and soldiers of an international revolution." The Peace Conference, in other words, is unable to function, because it no longer controls the sources of power. "Lenine is the dictator of Europe to-day," said to me a well-informed student of affairs; and on the very next day I noted a dispatch in the *New York Times* that Lenine might be invited to come to Paris and sit at the peace table. All this, of course, is improbable. Not yet has the balance of power tipped to the side of the revolution. But that it may so tip, that it is all a-quiver at this moment, is as certain as the day. The Peace Conference must tear up its discredited secret treaties, put by its tangle of conflicting, nationalistic aims, draw up a treaty directed in terms not to the satisfaction of any lust or revenge, but to the serving of the common welfare of all the peoples of the world—and do all this with celerity—if it would not see its power gone, and its opportunity of saving humanity forever lost. The next few days are freighted heavily with the destinies of men. J. H. H.

What does the history of the Paris Conference really mean? On the one hand, of course, it means the survival in the counsels of our European allies of those selfish imperialistic designs and purposes, which help to give the lie to the so-called democratic aims for which the war was fought. Millions of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians have nobly died, that this war might be the war to end war. If authentic reports from Europe are to be trusted, however, the elder statesmen of the continent are apparently acting on the supposition that these men fought and bled to make good certain secret treaties, which have to do with balances of power, nationalistic ambitions, and loot! Think of Italy's assertion that she must be given Fiume as a condition of her continued participation in the Conference! Balance France's claim to the Saar Valley against her forty years of complaint and lamentation over the Alsace-Lorraine outrage! Did the peoples of Europe suffer the torments of the damned for four unspeakable years, that their governments might do unto the Central Empires what these empires were proposing to do unto them? It seems incredible! And yet here is a Conference paralyzed, because each power is trying to win out of the spoils of war what it hopes that the other powers dare not refuse amid the confusions and terrors of the time. J. H. H.

Among the "blessings" with which New York is "favored," is Mrs. William Jay. An intense patriot, she has devoted her energies, since the beginning of the War, to the abolition of German music from our opera-houses, concert-halls and schools. Her most recent public statement is in criticism of the President of the Board of Education for permitting such

selections as Schubert's "Where Is Sylvia?" Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Handel's "Messiah," and Beethoven's "Andante" from the Fifth Symphony, to be approved for use in public schools. Her most recent achievement is the stopping of a Beethoven concert recently announced at the Hotel McAlpin. Aroused by the rapid speed of this most "insidious and subtle form of German propaganda," now that peace is in sight, Mrs. Jay is busy organizing on a nation-wide scale an "Anti-German Music League." From the beginning, few things have been more ridiculous than this furor against German music. Its revival at this moment is fairly pitiful. One wonders why German paintings have not been stripped from the walls of our museums, and German literature snatched from the shelves of our libraries. The caliber of a mind which can see in music nothing but "insidious and subtle propaganda," is subject for fearful speculation. If there is anything that is certainly free from all taint of nationalism, it is art. This, like religion, dwells in realms "above the battle," and is misused and betrayed when dragged down into the arena of controversy. The action last winter of the great French orchestra from Paris, in playing German music at all of its concerts, was a fitting rebuke of this misguided patriotic fanaticism. J. H. H.

It is strange for us to look back upon the fierce controversies of the Middle Ages and early Protestant era, and see with what passion men were hounded and persecuted for theological heresy. Is it not likely that our children, or our children's children, will similarly find it strange to look back upon this period of history, and see how ferociously we pursue those of our fellows who are guilty of social heresy? After many centuries, and much tribulation, we have succeeded pretty well in rescuing the physical and the philosophical sciences from the realm of prejudice and passion. A man can believe what he pleases about the rotation of the heavenly bodies, the nature of the soul, the being of God, even the evolution of organic species, and still hold the respect and companionship of other men. These sciences, in other words, have come to be regarded as pure sciences, and opinions are considered without emotion, exclusively from the standpoint of observation, experimentation and logic. We have learned to accept the facts, and trust them, whether we like them or not. The social sciences, however, are still undelivered from this captivity to feeling. Here we have an orthodoxy to be protected, a heresy to fear, men to love on the one side, and to hate and punish on the other. Only rarely do we find men, like John Graham Brooks and the late lamented Carleton H. Parker, who view social facts as dispassionately as facts of chemistry and biology, and follow them as inexorably. The time is coming, however, when economics and sociology will be just as far "above the battle" of heated and vindictive controversy as the natural sciences are to-day. Then will men look back upon our time and wonder at our treatment of socialists, I. W. W.'s, Bolshevists, etc., as we now look back upon the Dark Ages and wonder at the Inquisition. J. H. H.

Democracy and the Press

The war to save democracy will have been fought in vain unless something be done to reform a certain section of the press, and to make for decent discrimination in reporting. The part the sensational press has played in disseminating false news for the purpose of fomenting hate and rousing the spirit of vengeance is little realized by the general public. From the beginning, in July, 1914, the partisan press of both groups of Powers has surpassed all records in deliberate misrepresentation. Terminological inexactitude has been the rule, not the exception. Organized imagination has sown tares of every kind for "propaganda purposes" with a success which would make the Dumas factory turn green with envy. There is scarcely one department of social activity that has not been used for "propaganda purposes." The theater, the cinema, the lecture hall, the pulpit, afternoon teas, etc., etc., have been frequently requisitioned and used by the romanticists of organized imagination; charitable societies, centers of learning, and innumerable patriotic leagues have indulged in ghoulish entertainment, as if war were in need of a Munchausen to make it revolting.

Without the press organized imagination would have failed. It would not have been possible for "eye-witness" lecturers to have covered the ground with propaganda, for neither the Allies nor the Central Powers could have spared them from the trenches. The novelists, on the other hand, whether soldiers, correspondents or mere visitors at the front, preserved some dignity and restraint; and their works were subject to the criticism which was lacking in the case of the press. With the press it was impossible for a reader to remain in the mental state of critical hostility, day after day, year after year. Scare-headlines, special "shockers," delirious interviews, and hysterical leaders, came streaming from all quarters with a regularity which overwhelmed reason.

And all this happened under strict censorships of the distribution of news. Governments everywhere lent their aid to this campaign against truth and, save in a few well-known cases where certain independent Liberal organs refused to bow to the tyranny of organized imagination, the governments fostered the instincts of the mob and encouraged the circulation of news they knew to be utterly false.

Is patriotism then so poor a thing that it cannot at war-time exist upon the truth? This is a question we must seriously consider, for the war upon reason and a sense of what is just is far more terrible than physical war upon a defenceless people. During the winter of 1914 when I was at work on my book "How Diplomats Make War," in going over Sir Edward Grey's speeches, delivered outside the House of Commons, I found a most extraordinary reference to the power of the press. Sir Edward, speaking at the dinner of the Foreign Press Association, said the press "controlled the atmosphere and the temperature of the atmosphere would decide what policy it might be possible for governments to carry out." This seemed to me to be a fearful admission for a foreign minister to make. Now, of course, we all know how true it was. Incredible as it seems at first glance the statement describes the situation accurately. The press controls the atmosphere: that is, it has the power to make peoples hot or cold. The press working in the interest of financial syndicates, and international groups of concessionaires, can by making the people hot or cold towards a point in dispute, force the hand of a government. This is a power which is more terrible than ever an imperial despot wielded. No form of government could be so sinister, or could menace civilization, as that, for the government is, after all, a thing to be seen, to be overthrown, but the press is invisible government representing chiefly intangible interests. What does it all mean? Must we admit it is the fault of the public? I asked, in my book, as far back as December, 1914:

> What is to be done with a public largely fed on the garbage printed in most of the British dailies and weeklies now that war is a paying game for jingoists? It was bad enough in times of panic before hostilities began; but now every day in the week the public is brutally assaulted by columns in the press more dangerous to the British people than all the Kaiser's legions past and to come.

Anyone who has followed closely during the war the action of the few independent British journals knows how historical untruths by the dozen have been nailed down. Apart from the atrocity of war itself, scores of atrocity stories have been publicly disproved. "Little Alf's postage-stamp," "The Man with the Branded Brow," "The Contemptible Little Army," "The Annihilation of the British Army at Mons," and so on and so on, have been shown to be nightmares of organized imagination. The Northcliffe press and the rest of the gutter snipes of "journalism," who labored in blood and thunder literature for "propaganda purposes," have been despoiled of their litter of lies. Here in the United States the official bulletin published denials of hair-raising yarns. Generals Pershing and March themselves denied two particularly effective stories circulated for "propaganda purposes."

The armistice did not however bring relief. The organized imagination is still at work. The press is still doing what it can for "propaganda purposes." Consider for a moment the utterly disgusting methods employed by responsible bodies for abusing the public mind as to what has happened in Russia. The story of the nationalization of women by the Bolsheviki was another Northcliffe yarn. Colonel Raymond Robins has disposed of many of the lying reports we have had served to us daily by the partisan press. Only this week we are told Moscow is desolate—the people there are in rags, they go about with sunken eyes, bowed heads, hungry stomachs, and without hope of any kind. Today we learn Moscow is gay. A dispatch from London says: "Lenine gives magnificent dinners, entertainments, balls and fetes of all kinds. The luxury displayed at the Moscow headquarters of Bolshevism surpasses description." Such versatility is certainly perplexing. Moscow was a scene of carnage only a week or two ago.

Think of what has happened in Hungary during this week. Count Karolyi resigned and turned his government over to the Bolshevists. Count Karolyi was assassinated, then shot, then stabbed. Now he is unharmed. He was arrested. He just escaped deportation by stealing across the frontier at night. A wireless to London tells us "he is enjoying complete liberty in Budapest as are other members of the late government." Moreover George Renwick in a cable to the *New York Times* tells us "public order in Budapest itself was never for a moment disturbed, nor did the public services cease to work. The new government assumed office without meeting the slightest opposition from any quarter." Similar instances could be given every day of the week. Wild, sensational reports, dealing with murder and destruction of property, to be followed in a few days by contradictory accounts, occur with a rapidity that is utterly bewildering.

What is to be done? No true democrat would suggest another kind of censorship. The liberty of the press must be maintained though some correspondents and journals prefer license to liberty. But truth is after all a precious jewel in the crown of democracy. It should be respected else the crown itself appear like the tinsel ornament of a royal autocrat. Can anything be done to restrain the organized imagination of war patriots? Nothing, I fear. For it thrives on panic, delirium, hysteria, and vengeance. It will, however pass away with war. When war goes to the oblivion of useless things the organized imagination will go with it.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

It is thought by some persons that if the common people rule the world there will be millennial conditions. But the trouble is the common people have been ruling the world. Now the world is in sore need of uncommon people.

In Adam's Garden. —*Elmer Willis Serl.*

CONTRIBUTED

Non-Resistance in Action

Sometime ago the War Veterans' Association of British Columbia passed a resolution requesting the government of Canada to take over the lands occupied by the Doukhobors and give them to the soldiers returned from Europe. The argument of the veterans was simple and direct—that the Doukhobors had refused to fight in the Great War, and therefore were not entitled to possess and enjoy lands in the Empire; that the returning Canadian soldiers, who had fought for and won human freedom, were having difficulty in finding available soil for settlement and cultivation; that confiscation, therefore, of the Doukhobor lands, in the interest of the soldiers, was both just and beneficent.

Upon hearing of this astounding action by the Veterans' Association, the Doukhobors issued a pronouncement of so remarkable a character that it has attracted attention throughout Canada, as it will soon throughout the world. It is appended herewith, as summarized in a recent issue of the *Montreal Gazette:*

"The directors of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood have learned with deep regret, through the *Nelson Daily News,* that the war veterans passed a resolution requesting the government to take our lands away from us in Nelson District and elsewhere in Canada and make it available for settlement by returned soldiers.

"The directors of the Christian Society of Universal Brotherhood considered it necessary to call a meeting at Brilliant of our society to discuss the resolution. At this meeting over two thousand of our society were present, and the women were in the majority; and it was there resolved to announce through the medium of your good paper, the *Daily News,* that we solemnly offer all lands which are occupied by Doukhobors in Canada to soldiers who have suffered so much from the recent war which lasted over four years. The women especially were unanimous in expressing their wishes to give up the lands to soldiers. And they, with their children, can easily support themselves in Canada without having land, as Doukhobor women, and even twelve years of age girls are able to support themselves by their own toil, irrespective whether on land or some other means of support, as all Doukhobor women are able to spin on their domestic spinning machines a yarn of every description of wool flax, fiber, cotton staples and other grown fibers. Of these yarns they also, on domestic weaving machines, are making good clothes for their own use. And so in order to do various work and help our community as above mentioned, also assisting in clearing and cultivating our lands in British Columbia from heavy stumps and stones, and meanwhile to bear and bring up children, they voluntarily, several years ago, cut their hair short to avoid the waste of time which would be necessary to care for it if left long. Besides the Doukhobor women developed themselves in neatness and cleanliness; for instance they often wash in steam baths and use soap freely. There was another reason for cutting hair short, in cooking it avoided any falling hair from getting in the dough or any vegetables which were being prepared. Besides, as is known by every one, that hair cut short often keeps healthy and does not fall out. In order not to increase expenses of family life, the Doukhobor women wear no jewelry such as bracelets, rings, etc.

"Many of the men with surprise asked the women why do they demand that land be given to the soldiers. The women unanimously and loudly replied that returned soldiers from the front are deserving it. In general the war veterans, the women said, should be satisfied at once and that they must be well provided for in every way, although the veterans will readily admit that they fought for the King and British Empire and not for the Doukhobors."

The reply goes on to relate how the Doukhobors live; how they dress and eat frugally, and how thankful they are to the government for giving them the opportunity to make a living in this new country. They could not fight, for to kill is against their principles; but they did all in their power to send good things to the soldiers at the front. They mildly point out that when they came to Canada it was well known that they could not fight, and the government of Saskatchewan gave them lands, which were subsequently taken from them because they would not take the oath of allegiance. All wars are regarded by the Doukhobors as belonging to prehistoric times—rightly considered. The worst of all the military leaders who made a business of killing was the German Emperor.

The Canadian Government admitted the Doukhobors after having been informed by delegation that they never bear arms in any war.

They are grateful to the British nation for having saved them from the despotism of Russia.

The Doukhobors in British Columbia had to take hold of hilly land, in the cultivation of which both men and women had their hands constantly torn in clearing the roots and stones. But hardship the Doukhobors do not complain of. They have been accustomed to it.

In the long statement which the Doukhobors have prepared in answer to the demands of the soldiers in British Columbia, to take away their lands, the pathos of the acquiescent spirit is well exemplified. They desire no violence. They have worked hard and converted the wilderness literally into a garden.

They have come to speak and think of British Columbia as their home; and C. P. R. officials testify to their industry, their inborn love of what is clean and pure and beautiful. The Doukhobors say that if the veterans want their lands they are willing to give them up. The women say this even more emphatically than the men, pointing out that they are able to earn their living by weaving and other means—if necessary.

It had been said that they should go back to Russia; and that might be right if Russia had any stable government, which was not the case.

The Doukhobors stand for "toil and the peaceful life."

Mr. S. E. Reibin, the member of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, who prepared the reply, says that the Doukhobors are thankful to the "King of the British Empire and his family" for the peaceful life they have enjoyed while living in Canada.

These Doukhobors, we suppose, are fanatics. But if so, what are the rest of us, and what is God's estimate of fanaticism?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Vision of Peace

On a day in August the world was in war.

I had gone down to a rocky point on a Sound stretching beyond vision eastward. Under a deep blue sky white fleecy clouds were drifting, making slow moving shadows on the golden sea. The golden ripples, shot through with streaks of silver, hastened toward me, smiling their myriad smiles, and laughed softly against the shore.

The loveliness of the day and scene gentled feelings made turbulent by the horrid irony and tragedy of the war. In place of mere perception of the prospect before me, there came a kind of waking vision, from which the physical world of the senses did not wholly fade but merged with another world of the spirit, and this is what I saw:

The far stretching sea, flickering gold over wavering blue, faded in the great distance to dull gray white against the dim shape of a far off shore. A curtain of radiant colors, shimmering in the gentle air, drew together, from either side, over the sea, for a little while barring vision; and the murmur of the ripples became low music, caught rather by mind than ear, so low it was.

Then the melody seemed to strengthen, the curtains drew apart to either side, and there was again between them the eastward-stretching golden sea, and over the

sea the winged creature of the Star, known to men as the Star Angel flying eastward.

Not strange to me, nor to any, was this figure; for often in quiet hours, when the plays, the tasks, and the troubles of the day are over, the Star Angel comes. We shall always know her when she comes. For the tips of her wings are like gold, and on a plume in her hair there is a Star, brighter than the brightest in the sky. Once we have seen the Star, and understood what it is, we can never forget the brightness of it; not in all the pleasures and sorrows of life. Before the weary or the joyous heart, it shall shine for ever more.

And so, as the Angel flew, men and women along the shores, and in boats out on the sound, sought to follow her, and a dull murmur reached me, as of rejoicing and cheers; for, although to most of us, in ordinary times, the Star shines brightly only now and then, because we are not willing to follow it always, yet now, in the trouble of the great war, men's hearts awakened, and they followed the brightening Star.

In the far east a golden glow spread over the distant shore, and in the midst of it a city grew visible, glorious like the city of the great King. The shore became plainer in the light, and a little boy among the hills beheld the Star, and ever followed it. Never did he lose sight of it. By day and by night, I thought, the Star was visible to him. Always his eyes followed it; ever his steps went in the path of its light, until at last the Star stood over the city, and the boy entered therein.

And now, for a little while, the curtains closed again, and the music grew louder; and presently the curtains opened, and the boy was a man returned from the city to the hills. He went, as it were, in radiance. Men and women followed him and the Star Angel ever before him. Following the Star he went hither and thither in that far land, comforting them that mourned, healing all that were ill and of broken heart, and leaving blessings wherever he passed. But some were envious and hated him, because he alone clearly saw and ever followed the Star. And at last, in their hatred, they killed him, and for a little while the Angel disappeared from sight of men; but on a hill there came a glory, and a cross glowing while the music grew. The Angel soon came again, her wings and the Star made brighter by what the boy had done; and like the murmuring of a gentle wind, I heard voices saying that he was himself like a Star, a light among men, the day-spring from on high, the bright, the Morning Star.

Again, for a little while, the curtains closed and the melody grew louder and louder. Then the curtains opened, and between them was the royal city glorious and the splendid flashing sea. And in the radiance around and above the city, sparkling like a jewel in the glow, a cross and multitudes adoring.

The curtains closed, and the melody became words:

The people that sat in darkness
Saw a great light,
And to them that sat in the region and shadow of death,
Did light spring up,
To guide our feet into the way of peace.

Peace I leave with you,
My peace I give unto you
Not as the world giveth, give
I unto you.

And he shall wipe away every
Tear from their eyes,
Death shall be no more,
Neither shall there be crying or pain
Any more.

DAVID WALBRO.

New York City.

FOUR SONNETS.

SANCTUARY.

How may one hold these days of wonderment
And bind them into stillness with a thong,
Ere as a fleeting dream they pass along
Into the waste of lovely things forspent;
How may one keep what the Great Powers have sent,
The prayers fulfilled more beautiful and strong
Than any thought could fashion into song
Of all the rarest harmonies inblent?

There is an Altar where they may be laid
And sealed in Faith within Its sacred care,—
Here they are safe unto the very end;
For these are of the things that never fade,
Brought from the City that is built four-square,
The gifts of Him who is the Perfect Friend.

THE LAST SPRING.

The first glad token of the Spring is here
That bears each time one miracle the more,
For in the sunlight is the golden ore,
The joyous promise of a waking year;
And in that promise all clouds disappear
And youth itself comes back as once before,
For only dreams are real in April's store
When buds are bursting and the skies are clear.

Fair Season! At your touch the sleeping land
Quickens to rapture, and a rosy flame
Is the old signal of awakening;
Thus in a mystery I understand
The deepest meaning of your lovely name—
How it will be in that perpetual Spring!

THE GARDEN.

Behind the pinions of the Seraphim,
Whose wings flame out upon the swinging spheres,
There is a Voice that speaks the numbered years
Until that Day when all comes back to Him;
Behind the faces of the Cherubim,
Whose smiles of love are seen through broken tears,
There is a Face that every creature fears,
The Face of Love no veil may ever dim.

O Angels of Glad Laughter and of Song,
Your voices sound so near, the little wall
Can scarcely hide the trees that bend and nod;
Unbar the gate, for you have waited long
To show the Garden that was made for all,—
Where all is safe beneath the Smile of God.

Boston Transcript, December 21, 1918.

THE PATH OF THE STARS.

Down through the spheres that chant the Name of One
Who is the Law of Beauty and of Light
He came, and as He came the waiting Night
Shook with the gladness of a Day begun;
And as He came, He said: Thy Will Be done
On Earth; and all His vibrant Words were white
And glistening with silver, and their might
Was of the glory of a rising sun.

Unto the Stars sang out His Living Words
White and with silver, and their rhythmic sound
Was as a mighty symphony unfurled;
And back from out the Stars like homing birds
They fell in love upon the sleeping ground
And were forever in a wakened world.

—*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

Harper's Magazine February, 1919.

News from Europe

British Conscientious Objectors.—We have heard of the shocking treatment meted out to our conscientious objectors before Secretary Newton Baker began the inquiry which resulted in the liberation of some of the victims of military discipline; but few here have heard the story of how Britain treated her objectors to military service. Parliament solemnly pledged itself to exempt them from military service and made provision in the act for their exemption. The following leader from *The New Statesman,* London, by no means a pacifist organ, gives one a pretty accurate notion of the severity of British military treatment of conscientious objectors:

Conscientious objectors are still dying in prison or being sentenced to new terms of hard labor. Of 1,500 still incarcerated, 700 have served sentences amounting to two years' hard labor. Since the armistice 115 have been court martialed, many of them being sentenced to a fresh two years' hard labor. Fifty-four men have died since arrest; eight have died in prison, one in an asylum, eleven in home office camps. Six have committed suicide and thirty-seven have become mentally affected. We have never, we think, displayed over-much sympathy with the C. O. point of view, and we are aware that there are bad as well as good types amongst these objectors. Some of them are saints; some of the others are obstinate and courageous people with bees in their bonnets; some are moral perverts to whom it is perfectly just to apply the much-abused tag that they are the friends of every country but their own. But even had Parliament not solemnly made provision that they should be excepted from military service we should still consider it disgraceful that this remnant—including as it does many of the most sincere of the objectors—should continue to be persecuted long after hostilities have ceased. No good purpose can be served by continuing their imprisonment indefinitely. We do not suppose that most of the politicians care a button about them, one way or another; their refusal to make a change thus far has been entirely due to their fear of the rabid press. The very influentially signed memorial recently presented to the Prime Minister might well serve as an excuse, if excuse is needed, for a change of policy—many bishops were among the signatories, and a large number of laymen of all parties and views. Unless the agitation is kept up, these wretched men will continue to receive new sentences until the last of them has been killed by his hardships.

British Character and Industrial Unrest.—When wage workers strike there are three reasons for the industrial ferment put forward by those who persist in not looking facts squarely in the face. The reasons are that the strike was caused by agitators, agitators, and agitators: Socialist, Syndicalist, and "Bolshevist." Now that salaried workers and departmental clerks, not unionized, threaten to strike, those who persist in not looking facts squarely in the face must find another reason. *The New Statesman* relies on "the stability of character of the British people" to save the situation. It says:

The workers by hand and brain are demanding for the first time the right to the good life. They want wealth better distributed, and they also want leisure better distributed. One of the most interesting features of the present unrest is the widespread participation in it of the salariat. One instance must suffice. There may well be a national strike very shortly of the whole salaried staff of the railways, including station masters, agents and chief clerks of all sorts—a strike caused almost entirely by the pig-headed refusal of the government and the railway executive to concede "recognition." That is a new and startling phenomenon, which may well give pause to those who still attribute industrial unrest to agitators, "Bolsheviks" and German agents. This is nonsense. The position is that the workers are demanding a new status in industry, and that the government and the employers have not the wit or the will to grasp the new situation. If we are saved from the extremist manifestations and the worst consequences of unrest, it will not be due to the sagacity of our rulers, who have been utterly bankrupt of foresight and imagination, but owing to the stability of character of the British people, which brought them safely through the trials of war, and is a quality which, in the trials of peace, is a great asset to the State, though its existence is not due to the statesmen.

Lloyd George and Conscription.—It is one thing to make an election pledge, another thing to pass legislation diametrically opposed to the pledge. The Conscription Bill in Britain is passing smoothly through a Parliament elected to abolish the Military Service Act. How the people will receive the act when it becomes operative is a question which is causing much uneasiness. Three days before the election Mr. Lloyd George said:

You have got the usual attempts made to frighten the electors, and one of the most effective means of doing so is to say that the government means to keep up a great conscript army in this country. It is not true. (Cheers.) The Military Service Act was passed in order to meet a great emergency. When the emergency is passed the need is passed, and the act will lapse. THERE IS NO INTENTION TO RENEW IT. (Loud cheers.)

On the eve of the poll he sent out a special message to the electors in which he said:

I wish to make it clear beyond all doubt that I stand for the abolition of conscription in all lands.

Strange! And then folks wonder why some people have lost faith in politicians.

Richard Cobden, the International Man.—Mr. J. A. Hobson's work on Cobden is so important at this time that we do not hesitate to publish in full *The New Statesman's* review of the book:

Mr. Hobson has produced one of those rare books which it is difficult to read through, because they are too interesting. It continually lures one into reflection; one puts it down on one's knees and wanders away straight out of the text down some pleasant (and sometimes unpleasant) path of speculation. It presents us simultaneously with a psychological, an historical, and a philosophical problem. Mr. Hobson has collected and admirably arranged in this volume a large number of Cobden's letters, published and unpublished, all of which deal with foreign relations and policy; he has made them coalesce into a book by writing round them a commentary and explanation which helps the reader who has forgotten his history and whets the appetite for speculation. And when the book, as it continually did, went down upon our knees, we found ourselves speculating either upon Cobden's character, or upon the place of Cobden in history, or upon the abstract problems of nationalism and internationalism, war and pacifism.

The final impression which the book leaves on us is that in Cobden we have perhaps the perfect pacifist. No man has ever followed foreign politics more closely or with greater knowledge and intelligence than he did; in letter after letter he analyzes and dissects, and then reconstructs, the political situation in every corner of the globe. And in every word and line of every one of these letters he seems to be hunting and preaching peace. There is no doubt that this persistent pacifism was largely temperamental; he hated war. His passion for peace and against war is partly obscured by the fact that he was even more capable than most great men of giving very good reasons for his beliefs, that he always was giving reasons, and that his passion had a peculiar iciness about it. Yet if anyone doubts the temperamental quality of Cobden's pacifism, he should read the extraordinarily interesting letters which he wrote to Sumner about the American Civil War. He himself undoubtedly believed—and his belief was probably correct—that he was not a peace-at-any-price man. Now when the American war broke out, two passions were tugging his mind in different directions, his passion for peace and his passion for liberty. If any war could ever be justified according to the philosophy of Cobdenism, it was that war. And in a sense, enormously to his credit, he admitted this; he never really wavered in his support of the North. And yet a careful reading of these letters shows that really the passion for peace won. When the war broke out, he

said that "the total abolition of slavery on your Northern Continent was the only issue which could justify the war to the civilized world"; and two years later, in recalling this remark to Sumner, he writes, with characteristic frankness: "Every symptom seems to point to this result. But at what a price is the negro to be emancipated! I confess that, if *then* I had been the arbiter of his fate, I should have refused him freedom at the cost of so much white men's blood and women's tears."

Whether one sympathizes or not with Cobden's temperament and the international philosophy which it produced, one cannot deny that, as far as statesmanship is concerned, he comes out of this biographical ordeal with immense credit. The ordeal is a severe one, because in these letters he is continually and minutely dealing with current questions of international policy, stating his own opinions very frankly to personal friends, and making prophecies. We can now look back over the fifty, sixty, or seventy intervening years, and test his judgment. Almost every page testifies to his soundness of judgment in the sphere of international policy. He was nearly always opposed on large questions of policy to the accepted and official views of his time; and he was nearly always right. He was right, as we have now learned, often to our cost, about Russia and Turkey and Austria and India and the Entente Cordiale with France and Japan, and in all these cases his opinion was in opposition to the accepted "national policy." In fact, only once in this book was he clearly wrong. He was wrong in 1861 in prophesying that the blockade in the American War would be the last which the world would see.

Women and Agriculture.—A writer in a London paper deals with the question of women and the cultivation of land. He is concerned as to the permanency of the experience brought about by the war, and leaves us with some hope as to woman's future in agriculture. However, he points out:

We must bear in mind the possibilities of waning enthusiasm and arrange for proper conditions of work if we are to retain women workers on the land in any but the summer season. We must remember, coming down to the often depressing level of hard facts, that the element of novelty has to be considered. Many women have gone on the land in preference to other forms of war work because of a curiosity that is sated now. They have balanced the delight of it all against the discomforts; patriotism and the clamant need of the hour turned the scale; but next year and the year after? The case is doubtful, though all of us who have seen them at their work among the dumb animals of the farmsteads and fields and the dumb humans of many a forgotten village cannot help hoping that they will stay, because they will take so much with them when they go. If they could remain long enough to establish a tradition, to help in the work of social reconstruction that happily will soon begin, they might do as much and more in the years before us than they have accomplished in the stern times through which we have passed on the way to a security that may be permanent. To overlook this aspect of the case is to be blind to what concerns us most. Only those who have seen what women with practical knowledge and keen sympathy can do in the village, whose life in all its primitive simplicity they have elected to share, can realize their full potentialities. To imagine that the presence of educated women on the land is a benefit to the farmer alone is to take a shortsighted view. The wives and mothers of our agricultural laborers stand in perennial need of the gifts their better trained sisters of the great cities have in abundance. Of the work done already there is not and cannot be a detailed description, but those who may chance to travel through the countryside will find the record. There are no missionaries like those who are unconscious of a mission, who come to share rough work and rough conditions with those who have known nothing different, who teach without self-consciousness or dogmatism, and mainly by force of example, who, while teaching, learn. Woman's work on the land has a significance of its own; properly encouraged and developed, it may become one of the great landmarks of our national progress.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

A Seven Year Course

Formerly directed by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and still pursued by the Religious Study Classes and Sunday School of All Souls Church, Chicago.

PREPARED FOR UNITY BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

The Secona Year

The Religions of the Elder World

VIII. Babylon

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
—Tennyson "In Memoriam."

Assyria, Babylon, Nineveh, Chaldea! are names that have been familiar to our ears from childhood and bring us very near our Bible inheritances. Interesting would our lesson be if we could but break up the familiar, stereotyped associations that gather round these names that have from childhood seemed but stepping stones in Jewish history, incidental barbaric boundaries of a "Holy Land." But here in the mid-river country, the name implied by the word Mesopotamia, we come directly upon the immediate forelders of our own Jewish and Christian inheritance. These people are the unquestioned forerunners of the Jew in thought, as the rich ethical treasures, codes, etc., clearly prove.

Assyria and Babylonia so overlap that they can hardly be considered separately. Our maps and charts represent a flat surface, but the story presents deep perspectives and strong time shadows. The Semitic forces grew strong perhaps first in Babylonia, then in Assyria, and then again in Babylon, and then went down and out. The Chaldeans, a small Akkadian tribe, became so strong that they gave their name to the whole province of Babylonia and their brief career forms the third great chapter of history on the Two Rivers. All of them were buried deep in the sands three hundred years before Jesus was born.

The wealth of this story is not revealed through the dictionary, not through philosophy, not through the study of literature and religion, but simply through the plain prosaic work of the spade. The revelators of the spade are bringing back the Assyrio-Babylonia civilization.

Prof. Banks of the University of Chicago mentions the names of thirty-six other men who have won honor and wrought mightily with the spade. "And yet," he says,

in spite of the scores of expeditions to the buried cities of Bible lands, and the scores of scholars who have given their lives to this side of Bible study, the work of the archaeologist has only begun; all the light the discoveries have thus far thrown on the Bible may be but a tiny spark when compared with the great floods of light that future excavators may hope to find.

Some of the tablets from the Nineveh Library bear stories of the Creation of the World which are believed to have been copied from still more ancient

tablets. One story covering seven large tablets opens as follows:

When the heavens above were not yet named,
And the earth beneath bore no name,
Then, in the beginning, the abyss of waters begat them,
And the chaos of the deep bore them all.
The waters were not yet gathered together;
The fields were untilled, and the marsh lands bare,
None of the gods had yet appeared;
No name did they bear; no destiny had they fixed;
Then were the gods created.

The newly created gods did some fighting and the victorious Marduk, or Bel, smote the goddess Tiamat in two and from one part of her body he formed the heavens and with the other he created the earth.

A Babylonian Eden story is indicated on another mutilated tablet. On it is an impression of an ancient seal on which is pictured a date-tree; on the right of the tree is a man and on the left a woman, behind the woman is a serpent standing erect on its tail.

A young engraver hired to copy inscriptions in the British Museum, with a mind which went before his craft, began to study these cuneiform characters. He attained such proficiency that picking up a fragment one day in the Museum he read:

I released a dove; it flew about, but finding no resting place, returned.

He knew he had made a "find;" and so great was the significance to him that he fell senseless to the floor. This was George Smith, one of the famous Assyriologists. He made several trips to Nineveh and on the first visit found the fragment he most desired in the palace of Assurbanipal which, with other pieces found later, made the Babylonian story of the flood fairly complete. On his third trip he was stricken with fever and died at Aleppo.

This story was found to be one of twelve chapters of the great epic "Gilgamish." Gilgamish was a hero king who fascinated Ishtar the Goddess of Love and by rejecting her offer of marriage incurred her displeasure. He was obliged to fly to the abode of the dead, there met a mortal who had likewise crossed the waters of death, and who on being asked how he had come to dwell there replied by giving the story of the Flood. In it is a wonderful description of a storm followed by the sending out successively of a dove, swallow and raven from the ark. The story ends, as does our Bible narrative, with a rainbow. The stories so closely resemble each other as to make a relation very evident,—a natural relation because Babylonia was the birthplace of the Jews and its history and literature until the days of Abraham was the only literature that the Jews had. The story was their own which they carried with them when they left their native land and crossed the desert. From Ur of the Chaldees Abraham took the monotheistic faith of the Assyrians as a beginning of the Hebrew religion. He also carried with him the concept of a war-like god, the religion of might.

This religion of might was exemplified by Sargon, also by the cruel and despotic Sennacherib, who completely destroyed the city of Babylon which Hammurapi had shown such wisdom in establishing. But the doctrine of might did not save Assyria. Conquest had called for large armies and large armies had necessitated the conscription of foreigners. That meant danger within, and Arameans, Chaldeans and the Medes and Persians were making inroads from without. The Chaldeans had been for centuries creeping slowly around the head of the Persian Gulf and settling along its shores. Nineveh struggled in vain against the assaults of these enemies and the Chaldeans became the last Semitic rulers of Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest of their emperors, enjoyed a reign of forty years of great power and magnificence. He surpassed his Assyrian predecessors in the splendor of his building achievements. The roof gardens of his palace were the Hanging Gardens which became famous as one of the Seven Wonders of the world. To Babylon the Hebrews were carried captive to absorb much of its culture. There commerce flourished, arts and industries were highly developed, religion and literature cultivated. The Babylonians of this period pursued the art of astrology, laid out the twelve groups of stars which we call the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac and gave to the Greeks a basis for the science of astronomy.

Babylonian writing was the gift of the Sumerians, who scratched their records in rude pictures, sometimes on a flat oval of soft clay, sometimes in cylindrical form in order to contain more in the flat. The writing was done by a reed having a flat tip, and by pressing with the finger the corner of the tip, a wedge-shape character was made. This writing finally possessed 350 signs, each sign representing a syllable or word, that is a group of sounds. It never developed an alphabet as did the Egyptian. The writing was very minute and necessitated a reading glass.

The Aramaic language displaced the Babylonian and Assyrian and there came a time when the tablets could not be deciphered. One of the first steps in reading the inscriptions was made by Grotofend, a German scholar, who made a guess as Champollion had, that certain of the Persian cuneiform characters stood for royal names. He identified the names of Darius and Xerxes, which with other words paved the way for Sir Henry Rawlinson to publish the thirty-nine old Persian phonetic signs which formed a bridge leading to an understanding of the old Babylonian inscriptions. As the Rosetta Stone had been deciphered by comparison with the Greek translation, so the Babylonian was deciphered by comparison with the Persian.

While Nebuchadnezzar was somewhat boastful of his piety, and in reading his inscriptions one is reminded of the arrogance of a recently deposed European monarch, Sayce draws attention to his prayers as indicating how narrow was the line that divided his faith from that of the monotheist. He quotes:

To Merodoch my lord, I prayed; I began to him my petition; the word of my heart sought him, and I said: O prince, thou art from everlasting, lord of all that exists, for the king whom thou lovest, whom thou callest by name, as it seems good unto thee, thou guidest his name aright, thou watchest over him in the path of righteousness! I, the prince who obeys thee, am the work of thy hands; thou hast created me and hast entrusted to me the sovereignty over multitudes of men, according to thy goodness, O lord, which thou hast made to pass over them all. Let me love thy supreme lordship, let the fear of thy divinity exist in my heart, and give what seemeth good unto thee, since thou maintainest my life.

The man who could thus pray was not far from the kingdom of God.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Locate the Garden of Eden and mention the Hebrew who took with him from this region two religious concepts which have had a marked influence on Hebrew religion.

(2) Mention the names of six men who have with the spade made large contributions to the world's knowledge of these dead civilizations.

(3) What was the general character of the cuneiform writing and why was it impossible for many years to read it?

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

"HOW THE SOLDIER SAW THE WAR."

Mr. Alec Waugh, the author of the "Loom of Youth," a novel which raised so much controversy in England on schools and education, has something to say in the *London Nation* on war and its effect upon the civilian. There are we know numbers of non-combatants who really believe war has a "power to reveal and develop in human beings certain almost super-human virtues, self-sacrifice and its fruits of courage and comradeship." And these people who believe war has this power are as a rule mortally shocked when one reminds them of the ordinary, daily fact that sheer hard labor in the mines and factories has the same ennobling power. Why they should so readily apprehend this power in war, and remain, most years of their lives, utterly oblivious to its constant presence in industry, is something no one attempts to explain.

Mr. Waugh's frankness offends them. They are hurt when he concedes nothing ennobling to war. The following article of his may bring this important question before Americans in a vivid way:

"Now that the fighting has ceased, it is possible to consider with something of detachment the events of the last four years. We can throw the mind back to the early days, to the opinions that were then held, and see how far they have been justified. On the causes of the war and its process it is vain to dwell. They are so involved that it will take two generations to unravel them. They provide opportunity for little save conjecture; but on one point we can speak with a knowledge that is denied posterity, and that—the psychology of war.

"For in what has it been urged that this war differs so greatly from every preceding war? Surely in that it was the war of righteousness. 'Not for passion or for power,' clean-handed we went into the contest. The whole nation was aflame with ideals. In the great need we had proved ourselves worthy of our high destiny. This has been the constant theme of politicians; it has inspired the facile enthusiasms of the press, and the thundering invective of the pulpit. Through the light of this rhetoric the spirit of war glimmered like some rose-red revelation of the Grail, a universal panacea, the cure for all mortal ills. 'Purged through fire,' 'Ordeal by battle,' 'a nation that has found its soul,' these have been the catchwords; and yet how false, how patently false! Doubtless the civilian felt as he spoke. But for the fighting man this war has been as every other war. It has opened to him no sudden influx of ideals; instead of bringing him face to face with reality, which is another word for the spiritual conception of things, it has coarsened him, making him consider human life as a thing of little value. His daily work has been placed on the lowest and most elemental level; he has lived from day to day; satisfied as long as he had food to eat and a bed to sleep upon. We have seen countless pictures glorifying this routine of filth and squalor, we have been told that the inner flame rises superior to the external and incidental surroundings. But that is exactly what has not happened. Soldier after soldier has felt the soul-side of him being gradually immersed; his susceptibilities have been deadened. Henri Barbusse, in the one honest piece of fiction this war has produced, draws with an immense sympathy the moral and intellectual degradation of battle. Individuality is lost. Politicians may talk of the ideals at stake, but to the soldier their fine phrases are without meaning.

" 'Tonight he's in the pink, but soon he'll die;
And still the war goes on, he don't know why.'

It is in that spirit that men have gone to their death, dazed and miserable, conscious only of their own suffering, filled with regret, and a longing for the calm days of peace. And for those who survived courage sank to an habitual disregard of danger; they came to see war as the ordinary course of things. They merely transported their old values into the changed conditions; they were no longer disgusted by filth.

"And that is the most terrible thing of all. The first time a man goes into action he is horrified by what he sees. Through the cold of a wet night he stumbles along a duck-board track; on all sides of him are strewn signs of conquest, broken dugouts, half buried guns, men, bits of men, horses. And with morning comes the blind terror of the barrage; the whistle, and he plunges forward, frightened and gasping, among the unburied dead. But he will get used to it; sooner or later his nerves will go, he will jump at the least sound, will duck when an 'Archie' goes over; but that first horror will pass. He will look at the dead body casually, in a cold-blooded sort of way, wondering how long it took to die.

"There is no sadder experience than to stand at night a few hundred yards in the wake of carnage. The landscape presents its invariable sense of desolation, the very lights fling across it unreal, fictitious shadows. The brown stretch of water-logged shell holes seems unending. And among the scattered bodies of the dead dim figures are seen foraging the broken bodies, searching for souvenirs, diving their hands into pockets, preying on carrion. They are no longer shocked by the conditions of war, but are turning them to their own advantage. The scientific slaughter of human beings has become for them the natural setting for their daily life.

And it is because the horror passes so quickly, because the susceptibilities are so swiftly deadened, that we have so little literature and art that express the soul of war, that hold up the mirror to its immeasurable squalor. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has written a few vivid poems, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson has painted several significant pictures, and some other artists have dealt faithfully with their material. The psychology of the soldier is still an untilled field. And the courtly ministers and courtlier priests may still weave their fine web of words round this world suffering. They can still talk of the men who went to death laughing gaily. They have never been undeceived. What little war they have seen has been from the safety of brigade headquarters. They still believe that men went into action aflame with the sense of a just cause, their blessed banners flapping against the storm.

"But war is always war; and no collective emotion is strong enough to support for very long the individual who is sick for peace and home. It has always been the function of history to cover over the crime of war with tales of chivalry and romance. The siege of Troy comes down to us as a succession of heroic contests. Save for Euripides and his 'Trojan Women,' we hear nothing of the sufferings of the individual soldier, of the weariness and nostalgia, of the hunger for the white cliffs of Ithaca.

"We learn nothing from our experiences; that is the saddest message history can bring to us. A war is over in which the youth of Europe has been sacrificed. And yet the majority of the nation is as ignorant of what war means as it was before. Those who made the war, and those who continued the war, have seen nothing of it; and the soldier, his susceptibilities deadened, has lost his horror of it. There is the same foolish talk today as there was in 1914. 'The War of Righteousness,' 'The pride of dying in a just cause,' 'The Blessed Banners'—the old catchwords are being rolled out; already the events of the last four years have begun to take their place in the stately pageant of International Feuds, and already the way is being paved for another and more disastrous contest. If only it were realized what is the true effect of war upon those participating in it, if only it were seen how its conditions degrade and deaden the spirit of the fighting man; if only the psychology of the soldier were understood! But it is still believed that the armies fought for four years with an undiminished eagerness, and that every soldier was ennobled by the knowledge of the justness of his cause.

"We have yet to learn our lesson.

"ALEC WAUGH."

SONG OF THE ELEGANT LADY.

An hour to-day they brushed my nails,
  Another they brushed my hair,
Two hours they spent upon my face
  To keep it smooth and fair;
Three servants cooked my food to-day
And one small maid brought in the tray
In garments neat and white—
(This helps my dainty appetite).
Twelve frowsy girls my stockings made—
  (Thank God I never see
Such creatures—it would spoil
  An afternoon for me!)
My hat took just about a score
Of men and girls—my dress took more—
Lacing, weaving, dyeing so,
Fifty workers in a row;
Fluffy, dainty, white as milk,
Is their work, my dress of silk.

So, I walk in rich array—
"I am beautiful!" men say.

—*Annette Wynne.*

Contemporary Verse.

JUST PUBLISHED

A Practical Book for Women by a Woman

The Ambitious Woman in Business

By Eleanor Gilbert

An able, fearless discussion of woman's place in a business office, her means of success, her aims and ideals. The whole question of woman's fitness for a business career and the problems that confront her. Education for business, interest in work, choice of occupation, the worker's concern for marriage and a home, finances, the office field—all these and many more matters of the utmost importance to the woman who must work are treated in this unique volume in an inspiring and suggestive fashion. An invaluable guide and educator for every girl who contemplates a business career and for every woman who has already entered the field. *12mo, illus., 403 pp.*, $1.50; *by mail*, $1.62

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

1,400 JOBS TO CHOOSE FROM

Young or old, man or woman, boy or girl, here is a descriptive story of 1,400 live occupations you may work at in the U. S., with instructions in sensible self-analysis which will show you how to pick out that for which you are physically and temperamentally best fitted. To get the right start in life, buy a copy of the new book,

How to Choose the Right Vocation

By HOLMES W. MERTON, Vocational Counselor

It will show you how to weigh and judge yourself and your possibilities and how to select the occupation in which your talents will bring you the greatest amount of success and profit. You will also learn from it how to judge and instruct others, how to select employees, etc. $1.50 net; by mail $1.62. *Send for it to-day!*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

Jennie F. W. Johnson
Contralto

Soloist All Souls Church
Chicago, Illinois

Available for
CONCERTS, RECITALS
OR ORATORIOS
with
CLUBS, COLLEGES
AND CHURCHES

CIRCULAR SENT ON APPLICATION

For Terms and Dates address
700 Oakwood Boulevard
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

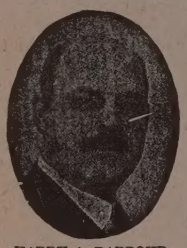
Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

FUNERAL CHAPEL PRIVATE AMBULANCE



HARRY A. BARBOUR

BARBOUR & GUSTIN
UNDERTAKERS
4141 Cottage Grove Ave.
CORNER BOWEN AVENUE
Chicago, Ill.
Telephone, Drexel 154

LEWIS V. GUSTIN

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

GREGG SCHOOL
6 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

¶A select school of shorthand, typewriting, and allied business subjects.

¶Its courses of study are comprehensive, thorough, resultful, preparing graduates for positions as stenographers and secretaries, court reporters, commercial teachers, and in the Civil Service.

¶Day and evening sessions all the year. Students may begin any week and advance according to individual ability.

¶Gregg graduates hold positions of trust and responsibility with the leading business concerns and professional men of Chicago and elsewhere. We receive more calls than we have graduates available.

¶Call at office, write, or telephone (Randolph 6040) for a copy of our catalogue fully explaining the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students.

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Request